A New Song.

Compoſed by the late Ed Howard.

HERE's a health to honeſt John Bull,
When he's gone we ſhan't find ſuch ano
And with hearts and with glaſſes brimful,
Here's a health to Old England, his mother.

She gave him a good education,
Bid him keep to his Church and his King,
Be loyal and true to the nation,
And then go be merry and ſing.

Now John is a good humour'd fellow,
Induſtrious, honeſt, and brave,
Not afraid of his betters when mellow,
Since betters he knows he muſt have.

For there muſt be fine lords and fine ladies,
There muſt be ſome little, ſome great,
Their wealth the ſupply of our trade is,
Our hands the ſupport of their ſtate.

Some are born for the court and the city,
And ſome for the village and cot,
But O twere a dolorous ditty,
If all became equal in lot.

If our ſhips had no pilots to ſteer,
What wou'd come of poor Jack in the ſhrouds,
Or our troops no commanders to fear,
They'd ſoon be arm'd robbers in crouds

Then the plough and the loom muſt ſtand ſtill,
If they make us Gentlemen all,
Of all clod hoppers then who would fill
The parliament, pulpit, and hall,

Rights of men make a very fine ſound,
Equal riches a plauſable tale,
But whoſe labour would then till the ground,
All would drink, but who brew the beſt ale,

When half naked, half ſtarv'd in the ſtreets,
We were wandering about Sans Culottes,
Would equality go fetch us meat,
Or liberty lengthen our guts.

That knaves are for levelling no wonder,
Tis eaſy to gueſs at their views,
Tis they wou'd get all by the plunder,
Tis they who have nothing to loſe.

Then away with ſuch nonſenſe and ſtuff,
Full of treaſon, confuſion, and blood,
Every Briton has freedom enough
To be happy, as long as he's good.

To be rul'd by a merciful King,
To be guarded by juries and laws,
And when the work's finiſh'd to ſing
This is true liberty's cauſe.

Then halloo, boys! halloo ever!
For juſt ſuch a nation are we,
Tis our pleaſure, O may it ne'er ceaſe
Tis our pride to be loyal and free.